

Parking lot littered with supercars
Guest list musicians, model bitches
Coke-dealing superstars, soul glitter
Nose sniffles, audio dope, docking the boat
Anchor and chain, solid-gold rope
Double dutch honeys in a two-seater dune buggy, running from me
We run this money, and I don't think you from here, dummy
Your weed smell funny, your clothes too bummy, them hoes too ugly
Meek told you it's levels to it
Buy it right the first time, don't go back and add a bezel to it
I was listening when Jay said it
So when I got paid, I've been the same way that
David Blaine blessed me, baby angels
Diamond wings lift me over the game's dangers
They don't invite me to they rap awards, it's all good
I don't wanna smoke my gas with y'all
Interior leather, the texture of a basketball
In that '87, 93 octane in the air
And in the tank of the '87, highway to heaven

Money on my mind, money on the line
Thinking 'bout paying me, make it on time
Scrape it into the shape, all straight lines
Don't overdose, dope audio, audio dope